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Mr. BOWMAN's
SERMON,

Preach'd at

WAKEFIELD, *in* Yorkshire,
VER S I F Y ' D.

In which is prov'd that all Tradition
Is the Destruction of Religion ;
'Tis likewise shewn by dint of Reason
Episcopacy is High Treason.

By CHRISTOPHER CRAMBO, Esq;

The SECOND EDITION.



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Mr. *BOWMAN*'s
 S E R M O N,
 V E R S I F Y ' D.



OF Superstition such the Case is,
 That all Religion it defaces,
 While it pretends with specious Story
 T'enhance its Beauty and its Glory;
 And still the Matter overdoing,
 Sinks the whole Fabrick into Ruin:
 Thus fresh Traditions daily spring up,
 Which mad-brain Zeal and Nonsense bring up;
 Making the Dreams of frantick Wights
 Move cheek-by-jole with what God writes:
 To let my gentle Hearers know
 Who this same Superstition is, and how

Th' ill-fated Monster is descended,
 (Pray Brother Parsons ben't offended)
 It had no Father, but a Mother,
 Or *Priestcraft* is both one and t'other :
 All Priests, you know, are of a Feather,
Jews, Christians, Pagans, all together,
 This gainful Cheat have carried on,
 And alone their Work has done.
 Can we suppose the *Romish* Harlot
 Had e'er been deck'd in † glorious Scarlet,
 Triumphant rode from *West* to *East*
 Astride the seven-headed Beast,
 If Reason had not left its Station
 By Force of Transubstantiation ?
 She'd ne'er been rais'd where now she sits,
 Had not Men first renounc'd their Wits ;
 Held it more certain that the Pope
 (After he's pass'd the sacred grope)
 Can never err, than that our Saviour
 Dy'd, to save Men of loose Behaviour :
 That who disputes the priestly Claim
 To Absolution in God's Name
 Sins full as much, as if he'd lain
 With all the Punks in *Drury-Lane*,

† Rev. c. xvii.

Defil'd

Defil'd the Help-mate of another,
 Made bold with Sister, Aunt and Mother :
 That he who bows not to the Altar
 As well deserves to swing in Halter,
 As if he half the Town had slain,
 Or 'rose at *Preston* or *Dumblain*.
 Their pompous Tales of *George* and Dragon,
 With hundreds which the Papists brag on,
 Were all invented with Design
 To make th' ambitious Clergy shine
 With double Lustre on the People,
 That they might idolize the Steeple.
 This Trick, from Pagan *Rome* deriv'd,
 In Popish Hands as well has thriv'd ;
 For thus their Heathen Predecessors
 Had cunning Men and artful Gueffers,
 Who, when they heard a Magpy chatter,
 * Foretold th' Event of any Matter ;
 Throwing † down Corn before a Chicken,
 Guefs'd what would happen by his picking ;
 From a § Cow's Liver told the Party
 If Lover was sincere and hearty :
 They (like the Papists) had their || Seasons
 For Work and Pray'r ; gave sev'ral Reasons

* *Augurs.* † *Tripudium.* § *Aruspices.*
 || *Dies fasti & nefasti.*

Why

Why Beef on some Days bought would stink,
 And when 'twas best to tap their Drink :
 Thus the poor Vulgar was deceiv'd,
 And all the Priests affirm'd believ'd.
 Old *Mahomet*, that juggling Knave,
 Had been forgot, when laid in Grave,
 Had not his fruitful Brain afforded
 Those Visions, which his Pen recorded.
 The *Jewish* Doctors ne'er had fate,
 Ador'd by all, in Chairs of State,
 Had not their *Talmud* well stuff'd been
 With vile Traditions, to be seen
 In my * two Authors at the bottom,
 For really I've quite forgot 'em.
 Now had the thing, we call Religion,
 Been hatch'd by some sage Politician,
 If GOD had never let Men know
 By whom he would be serv'd, and how,
 These Artifices had been pretty,
 And useful too, as well as witty.

To say the Truth, while all Men sat
 Contented with this holy Cheat,
 No Harm was done; or if some few
 More curious the Secret knew,

* Grot. on Mat. xv. and Lightfoot. *Hor. Hebr.*

'Tis ten to one they'd ne'er have spoke,
 For fear of spoiling such a Joke :
 For who but Madmen would unfold
 A Secret which, when plainly told,
 Destroy'd the Int'rest of Mankind,
 Who happy't are when most they're blind ?
 But since we're certain there's a God,
 Who rules the World with awful Nod ;
 A God, who tells us what's his Pleasure,
 Who gives the Bible as a Treasure ;
 That Book alone, or I'm mistaken,
 Will teach us how to save our Bacon :
 It follows then that all Traditions,
 Religious, Doctrines and Positions,
 Which in that sacred Book we find not,
 To Faith, or to Reception bind not :
 They're diabolical Inventions,
 Form'd deep in Hell, vile Intentions
 T' insinuate the Almighty's Rule
 Is an imperfect useless Tool.
 If, as all Christians must confess,
 Our Soul's Destruction, and no less
 Does on the written Word depend,
 It fairly follows in the End,
 That written Word sufficient is
 To shew us the right Road to Bliss ;

Else

Else must we call th' Almighty cruel,
 Who thus would make us *Satan's* Fuel,
 For the Omission of what none
 Could ever know was to be done.
 Nothing can therefore plead Excuse
 For the ambitious Priest's Abuse
 Of his Commission, in imposing
 Doctrines quite diff'rent from those in
 The Sacred Books, and thus regarding
 Mens Souls not worth one single Farthing,
 When they appear in Competition
 With their damn'd Pride, and curs'd Ambition.
 What ought those Watchmens Fate to be,
 Who shut their Eyes and will not see?
 Of those rapacious Sons of Bitches,
 Who scour the Kennels and the Ditches
 For Food, to cram their hungry Maws,
 And still hunt on with craving Jaws?
 How should those Shepherds be rewarded,
 Who leave their Sheep quite unregarded,
 While they in Alehouses are prating,
 Or thoughtless gaze at a Bull-baiting?
 Can they, with the Apostle boast,
 No Man by their Neglect is lost?
 And will not many with great Justice
 Complain of such unrighteous Trustees?

Most

Most Men would think, as once did I,
 This heavy Charge in plaintive Cry
 'Gainst our Church ne'er would be admitted ;
 A Church so form'd, so wisely fitted,
 That if you'll take her Word she's truly
 Most apostolical and holy :
 But yet, alas ! this Church so pure
 More Reformation might endure :
 Her Ministers, whate'er they babble,
 Are but a Pack of Scoundrel Rabble ;
 Resembling the Apostles Clan
 Just as an Ape resembles Man :
 This Church's Mother heretofore
 Was an imperious drunken Whore :
 And who'd have thought it in her Daughter,
 Treads in her Steps, and copies after ?
 She's full as greedy of Dominion
 As the old Punk, in my Opinion :
 The holy Tribe, whate'er the Price is,
 Must be defended in its Vices ;
 While the ambitious giddy Priesthood
 Rides you, as you the tamest Beast wou'd.
 No doubt but if strict Search was made,
 There's here and there among the Trade
 An honest Fellow, who receives
 The Gospel, and nought else believes ;

B

Who

Who humbly * eats long as he's able,
 And sticks like Bur to well-stor'd Table ;
 Who as poor Labourer engages,
 And with low Scrape receives his Wages :
 But I must own that much the greater
 Part look as big as Emp'ror *Peter*,
 Pretending that the God who sent 'em
 His whole Omnipotence has lent 'em.

But now, in order I proceed
 To tell you how the Knaves exceed
 Their Orders, and their own Traditions
 Oppose to the divine Conditions.
 First, vilely they misrepresent
 The Manner in which they are sent ;
 And Secondly, Impostors be
 In stating their Authority.
 That some must preach, harangue, explain
 On Earth, while Churches shall remain,
 I grant : For while we live among
 A careless, busy, ign'rant Throng ;
 While Trade, Diversions, Whores and Wine
 Obstruct the Growth of Word divine,
 Some should step forth, and bawl and rave,
 Quibble, declaim, Men's Soul to save :

* *Luke* x.

For

For how the Devil should some Men hear,
 Unless some others Preachers were?
 Church Government too I'd allow,
 But who's to rule the Church and how
 Is not so easy to determine;
 For were it left to the Lay Vermin
 To form, reform, when'er they please,
 As suits their Interest or their Ease:
 Like *Dover* Courtiers all would chatter,
 Nor any hear a Word o'th' Matter:
 So that some Mission must be had,
 No Matter whether good or bad:
 For tell me, how should Parsons preach,
 Unless they licens'd were to teach?
 Our Church indeed, proud of her own
 Opinions, so damn'd stiff is grown,
 That should a zealous Christian dare
 To tell her how she errs and where,
 She kindly with hard Names would maul him,
 Heretick and what not would call him:
 But while Religion I've at Heart,
 I value not one single Fart
 Her idle Ravings: Let her curse
 And rave, I'm not a pin the worse:
 Boldly I'll venture to unravel
 (Tho' much th' imperious Jade 'twill gravel)

The Question of her vile Traditions,
 And prove them Popish Impositions.
 That twelve good Men and true agreed
 What Sort of Men should them succeed
 To rule the Church, and others name
 Who under them should do the same :
 And that all this and more was done,
 By *Christ's* Commission, not their own,
 The Scriptures, and those learned Sages
 Who liv'd and wrote in early't Ages,
 Unfortunately make appear,
 In Terms so plain, in Words so clear.
 And what is worse too, it appears
 That after seventeen hundred Years
 This hated Order still remains,
 And may defeat my pious Pains :
 This Institution being granted,
 (As if no other Claim they wanted)
 My Rev'rend Brethren would persuade
 The silly People, they are made
 Of somewhat better than the rest ;
 And thence infer [observe the Jest]
 That Church of *Christ* would be demolish'd,
 If Ordination was abolish'd ;
 Or was confer'd by Hands prophane,
 Who Bishops Orders ne'er had ta'en ;

That

That without it no Doctrine sound
 Or Sacraments could stand their ground :
 From which vile Reas'ning it ensues,
 All Christians must their Churchship lose,
 Except those who adhere to *Rome*,
 Or to her Daughter here at home.
 How ill these Tenets do agree
 With what *St. Paul* calls Charity,
 Is not my Bus'ness here to shew,
 Nor is it worth your while to know:
 But, by-the-by, I here declare,
 That in a Church where Pontiff's Chair
 By Law's secur'd, as is our Case,
 'Tis fit it still should keep its Place;
 But that a Church can't stand without,
 All Men, as wise as I, will doubt.
 If an Episcopal Credential
 To Christian Churches be essential,
 It must be prov'd th'Apostles meant
 (And sure I best know their Intent)
 It should an Ordinance remain
 'Till *Jesus Christ* appears again;
 Or those who you assert must prove
 Some special Gift dropt from above
 On him, whom Bishop's pow'ful Fift
 Transforms into a Christian Priest.

Which

Which Proposition (by their Leave)
 Holds no more Water than a Sieve.
 Let me observe, that what's design'd
 By the Apostles, Men to bind,
 Without allowing Limitation
 Of Time or Place, or Church or Nation,
 Essential is to their Salvation. }
 Now where our precious Soul's at stake,
 God is oblig'd, if good, to make
 The thing in Question plain and clear,
 That not the least Dispute appear :
 But those, who stickle most of all
 For Orders high Episcopal,
 Must look like Fools, and knocking under
 Own their whole Doctrine is a Blunder ;
 When they remember what the Case is
 Of Protestants in many Places ;
 That *Scotland, Holland*, ev'ry Nation }
 Which boasts a thorough Reformation,
 Devoutly hates this Ordination. }
 Granting th'Appointment of this Function
 Made by th'Apostles in Conjunction :
 That Christians primitive were all,
 As some are now, Episcopal ;
 And therefore such an Institution
 Then suited best their Constitution.

Granting

Granting all this, what will ensue?
 That the same Rev'rence still is due
 To this Appointment, 'till it ceases
 To be the best, or while it pleases.
 But, to affirm that when it sinks
 Into Disgrace, and vilely stinks
 In each reform'd and pious Nose,
 No Man the Idol must oppose,
 Is chopping Logick full as basely
 As *Hickes*, or his mad Brother *Lesley*.
 For since each Month or Week occasions
 In Times or Tempers Alterations;
 Who in his Senses can imagine
 The wise Apostles would engage in
 A Work so silly, and design
 Men of all Tempers to confine,
 At all times, to one Scheme or Plan,
 Which suits not every Time or Man?

Besides, supposing the disputed
 Function for ever instituted,
 All civil Government is ended;
 Which sure th'Apostles ne'er intended:
 The Doctrine of th'Episcopalians
 (Those vile, rebellious, curs'd Rascallions)
 Implies that Bishops in this Action
 Do form an independent Faction:

For

For as without the States Consent,
 Or Leave of King and Parliament,
 They dub young Fellows Priests or Deacons,
 (No matter whether wise, or weak ones)
 The *Civil Pow'r* can ne'er demand
 From any Parson in the Land,
 Security of good Behaviour,
 But when he grants it as a Favour.
 That no Subscription, Test or Oath,
 Can be impos'd on sacred Cloth:
 That no Restraint can bind a Pastor,
 Who, b'ing forbid, will prate the faster:
 Hence it, as Sun at Noon-day clearly,
 In Mood and Figure follows fairly,
 That when the B—— once has laid
 His Hand upon a Stripling's Head,
 All Ties of his Allegiance civil
 Are broke, and he becomes a Devil;
 And uncontroul'd, may hatch up Treason,
 Or cut his Royal Master's Weason.
 Here's now, if I may call it so,
Imperium in Imperio:
 All Kingdoms split, and torn to pieces,
 By holding such detected Theses:
 Kings are depos'd, or what's the same,
 Of Royalty bear but the Name,

Where.

Wherever Bishops are admitted,
And Ordination is permitted.

But now, my Friends, to shew my Reading,
After these Proofs of my good Breeding,
I find one *Hickes*, a Dean, I think,
(But sure the Man must be in Drink)
Affirming, that no Doctrine must
Be therefore censur'd as unjust,
Because what follows from the same
May seem severe, and be to blame.

But e'er this Proposition passes
On any but meer stupid Asses,
The Doctrine in Dispute must be
Clear'd up, and prov'd to Certainty.
For when a Doctrine is supply'd
With equal Proofs on either Side,
If Consequences prove severe,
Tis ten to one Truth is not there:
But when the Consequences wild
Are such as have sound Doctrine spoil'd,
Or interfer'd with Rights of Crown,
That Doctrine must, and shall fall down,
Spite of the Mitre and the Gown.

C

Thus

Thus I have prov'd that Ordination
By Bishops is a bold Invasion ;
And that th'Apostles never meant
Their Function such a large Extent.

2. The *second Reason* why 'tis said
Orders from Bishops should be had,
And that no Ministry subsists
But what's derived from their Fists,
Is, that the Parson it inspires
With somewhat this great Work requires.
What Stuff is this ? There are but two
Accomplishments, the Work to do ;
If I have any good discerning,
A holy Life, and useful Learning :
But does my Lord of *York* or *Durham*,
On those whom he ordains, confer 'em ?
Have any of us here more Knowledge,
Than when we left each Man his College ?
Do not we whore, and drink, and swear,
Just as when we mere Lay-men were ?

'Tis true, in Days of Inspiration,
E'er Miracles were out of Fashion,
Th'Apostles, when they made a Priest,
Or Bishop, if you like it best,

Did to the Candidate convey,
 By some mysterious hidden Way,
 Such Gifts and Pow'rs o'th' Holy Ghost,
 As qualify'd him for his Post.

But since all Miracles are banish'd,
 And holy Inspiration 's vanish'd,
 What need have we of laying on
 Of sweaty Paws of mitred Don?

Can we expect God will bestow
 A Grace uncommon for so low,
 So useless an Employment, as is
 The Ministry, as now it passes.

But what diverts me most of all,
 Is what some Folks the Spirit call.
 What Motions of the Spirit feel we,
 But how to fill the Barn and Belly?

When to the B—p we assert

We feel it moving in our Heart,

What mean we, but that we sincerely

Wish for two, or three Hundred Yearly?

Some whimsical Divines, I find,

To *Popery* too much inclin'd,

Trump up a * Text, in which our Lord,

As they say, gives his sacred Word,

* *Matth.* xxviii. 20.

That he will ne'er desert his Church,
 Nor leave its Pastors in the lurch.
 Now I affirm the Sense of these
 Disputed Words, say what they please,
 Is, that when any kind of Rabble
 Meet in a Hogstye, Barn, or Stable,
 Under pretence of joint Devotion,
 Our Saviour will attend their Motion.
 Thus it appears that Touch of Prelate
 Contributes nothing that can relate
 To the Discharge of Obligation,
 Tack'd to the Christian Clergy's Station.
 'Tis therefore clear, that what we call
 Ordination Episcopal,
 Is a meer human Ordinance,
 As practis'd here, or done in *France*;
 And not essential, as some fancy,
 Either in *England*, or beyond Sea,
 To the Existence of a *Kirk*,
 Or to Ecclesiastick Work.
 And yet, to give the Dev'l his Due,
 'Twas very pretty when 'twas new.

Perhaps some Wise-acres will lay
 The antient Fathers in my Way;
 And tell me, that they all assert
 What I deny, with Air so pert.

But

But what need modern Parsons care
 What such old Dotards say, or where?
 I value 'em not a single Louse,
 I scorn to keep them in my House,
 Besides, 'tis nat'ral for all People,
 As they're inclin'd to Barn or Steeple,
 To launch out into Commendation
 Of what suits their Imagination.
 And, after all, who can assure us,
 Since Pomp and Honour thus allure us,
 The Bishops of the Ages early
 Lov'd not such gaudy Things as dearly?
 Might not a Zeal immoderate
 For what was gainful turn the Pate
 Of any Bishop primitive,
 As of those who at present live?
 But how will my Opposers look,
 If it appear that ev'ry Book,
 Quoted with view of knocking down
 My Scheme, will not support their own;
 Or only proves what I admir,
 That Bishops then supreme did sit?

The boldest Fellow of the Crew,
 (At least a bolder I ne'er knew)
 Says only, † *Let no man pretend
 In Church Affairs a hand to lend,*

† Ign. Epist. ad Smyr. cap. viii.

*Of great or small Consideration,
Without the Bishop's Approbation.*

And now, supposing this Injunction
Forbids performing sacred Function,
'Till Man by Bishop's Ordination
Receives a due Qualification.

This shews indeed but shews no more,
That only Bishops heretofore
The Church's high Commission bore.

There is another ranting Blade,
Who has in an Epistle said,
That † *Bishops have a Power divine,*
And in a Sphere *sublime* do shine,
To rule the Church; which but implies
The Sense, in th' other Passage lies.
The same Discov'ry I could make,
If I such needless Pains would take,
In almost ev'ry boasted Text,
With which the Presbytry is vext.

But, to conclude this single Head,
What I of Bishops here have said
Is well propp'd up by *English* Laws;
Which therefore righteous prove my Cause:
By Oaths too and Subscriptions we
Have often own'd, his Majesty

† Actum est de Episcopatus vigore, & de Ecclesiæ gubernandæ sublime & divina potestate. *Cypr. Ep. ad Corn. 59.*

O'er ev'ry Cause and ev'ry thing
 Supreme, because our lawful King.
 We see by Acts of Legislature
 She takes the Church to be her Creature,
 And claims a Power absolute
 Whate'er she will to constitute.
 She therefore thinking Ordination
 By Bishops is a decent Fashion,
 Gives it her Sanction, which without
 Wou'd not be worth a sh—n Clout.

Thus, with my *first* Point having done,
 My *second* now of course comes on,
 In which I'll give you Demonstration
 'Gainst all the Parsons in the Nation,
 That their Authority pretended
 Is sacrilegiously extended
 Beyond the Limits first intended.

First, They assert a Right to frame
 Canons and Laws in their own Name.

And *Secondly*, oh vile Pollution!
 Maintain the Pow'r of Absolution
 Authoritative, and will prate
 How they can excommunicate.

First then, their Canon-making Scheme
 I am to shew is a meer Dream.
 While yet the Church was in her Cradle,
 E'er she triumphant press'd the Saddle.

While

While Christians in vile Holes lay hidden,
 While their Religion was forbidden,
 And by the Pagans persecuted,
 Such Laws must needs be instituted
 By Pastors, as should force the Laymen
 To all they order'd to say *Amen*.
 That wholesome Laws as much are wanted
 I'th' Church as in the State, is granted :
 Therefore when Civil Pow'rs neglected
 The Church, which they should have protected,
 'Twas just some Laws should then be made
 By the top Members of our Trade.
 Hence we may date the *Constitutions*
Apostolick, and Institutions,
 Call'd *Canons*, with the same Sir-name,
 Of which all here have heard the Fame :
 But, Oh ! 'twas quite another thing,
 When ev'ry Emp'ror, ev'ry King,
 Declar'd himself sincere and hearty
 For our old Friends, the Christian Party :
 The Church then with the State was twisted,
 Which once made Canons as it list'd.
 And thus the Pow'r of framing Laws
 Reverted back where first it was.

I read, indeed, in antient Story,
 After they'd almost lost their Glory,
 The Clergy still were tolerated
 To manage such Laws as related

To

To th' Church, but with Subordination
To higher Pow'rs for Confirmation.

Fine times indeed, were Priests permitted
To make what Acts and Laws best fitted
Their Int'rest or their Inclination,
Without Leave of the Heads o' th' Nation,
In Convocation meet, debate,
And what they pleas'd to regulate!

For thus o'er Princes they'd be Kings,
And Crowns and Scepters useleſs things.

This once allow'd, the Rogues would soon
Kick all their Princes from the Throne:

Laws against Laws they wou'd enact,
And ev'ry Nation be ranſack'd:

All Kingdoms be turn'd topside turvy,
To gratify their Humour ſcurvy.

But hear the Quibble of the Schools,
Started by Knaves to bubble Fools:

There we are told that ev'ry Law,
Drawn up by Churchman's holy Paw,

Does but to Spirituals extend:

That they preſume not, nor pretend
In Temporals a Hand to lend.

Vile Sophiſtry! For if poor Sinner,
By way of Penance, loſe his Dinner;

If Wretch unworthy be refus'd
The Sacrament, which he 'as abus'd;

If vile Adulterer's Offence
 Is punish'd by the Loss of Pence,
 Or in white Sheet he's doom'd to stand,
 With lighted Taper in his Hand;
 If Heretick by Recantation
 Is taught to seek his Soul's Salvation,
 And hinder Progress of Contagion,
 Such outward Acts of Discipline
 Injure the Prince's Right Divine.
 They'll say, perhaps, such Laws are purely
 Made, that the People more securely
 May for eternal Bliss provide,
 And twenty other Whims beside.
 But I reply; Each Order civil
 Is made to save Men from the Devil:
 Now, if the King and Parliament
 Make Laws to answer this Intent,
 What need we other Powers invent?
 After I've thus discuss'd the Point,
 And knock'd all Canons out of joint,
 If any of you is so bold
 As to dispute what here I hold,
 For farther Satisfaction look
 Into our *English* Statute Book.

But now I come, in *second* Place,
 To shew you how, with brazen Face,
 Churchmen

Churchmen attempt at mad-brain'd Rate

T'absolve and excommunicate.

Authoritative Absolution

Is ev'ry way a gross Delusion;

A saucy impudent Pretension,

An insolent High-Church Invention.

Sometimes this Term in Clergy Hands

For Pow'r without all Limits stands,

Of shutting out of, or admitting

Such Men to Heav'n as they think fitting:

It signifies, at other Times,

A Pow'r, for some enormous Crimes,

To vote Men in the Church Communion,

Or separated from it's Union.

In one Sense I've already shewn,

Our bold Pretenders Pow'r have none,

But what they from the State receive,

Which Pow'rs of every Sort must give.

No Argument like Matter of Fact is;

Remember therefore what's the Practice

O' th' Courts Ecclesiastical,

Since Popery receiv'd it's Fall;

Then every Word, I've utter'd here,

True as the Gospel will appear.

Now pass we to the other Meaning,

Which these two frightful Words are ta'en in.

Since holy Scripture has declar'd
 Who shall be damn'd, and who be spar'd:
 On what Terms God will Men admit
 To Heav'n, or send them to the Pit
 Without a Bottom, surely no Man,
 Unless of Impudence uncommon,
 Will dare pretend he can reverse
 Th'Almighty's Blessing, or his Curse;
 Whether the Terms by God directed
 Are executed, or neglected,
 He only knows, and such as he
 Inspires with the same Faculty.
 'Twas by this Knowledge that the good
 Men, call'd Apostles, understood
 The Bottom of each Mortal's Heart,
 And thus Remission did impart;
 Or, as the Thing requir'd, retain'd
 The Sins, which guilty Souls had stain'd.
 But only downright *Papists* will
 Maintain this Pow'r subsisting still;
 Which (it appears, at least to me)
 Infers Infallibility.

What Madness were't for you or me,
 In whom our Neighbours all can see
 Nothing but Ignorance and Sin,
 To set our selves on the same Pin

With

With *Paul*, and *Peter*, and the rest,
 Who have stood the severest Test?
 Nay, such a saucy Puppy would,
 I do affirm, with Reason good,
 Insinuate himself was greater
 Than ever was or *Paul*, or *Peter*.
 Usurp Prerogative Divine,
 And to himself a Pow'r assign
 Of judging and performing things,
 Reserved to the King of Kings.
 Should now, which God forbid, our poor
 Parish'ners be once brought o'er
 T' imagine us indeed invested
 With such a Power uncontested,
 They would immediately become
 True Children of the Whore of *Rome*.
 But, tho' such Change would line our Breeches,
 Bring us Fat Geese, and Store of Riches,
 Wou'd make us so considerable,
 We should look down on Kings, as Rabble:
 I, for my own Part, had much rather
 Live ten or twenty Years together
 On the worst Living in the County,
 Than thus be rais'd by Popish Bounty.
 Could but my Rhetorick induce
 My rev'rend Brethren once to use

More

More Modesty, and only say
 The Pow'r, they pompously display,
 Is but, in Truth, conditional,
 The Contest to the Ground would fall.
 But then, a Pow'r with such a Flaw
 Wou'd uselefs be, not worth a Straw.
 For shall not ev'ry honest Man,
 Who in this World does all he can.
 Pays ev'ry Man his own, who labours
 For's Living, and keeps Peace with's Neigh-
 Go strait to Heaven, tho' no Fat Priest [bours,
 E'er laid on him absolving Fift?
 Or he, who leads an idle Life,
 Gets drunk each Day, and beats his Wife,
 Ne'er pays his Tythes, nor Sermon hears,
 Be dragg'd by Satan by the Ears,
 Altho' perchance he ne'er fell under
 Bishop's or Parson's Holy Thunder?

Now Brethren, e'er my Sermon ends,
 'Tis just I should make some amends
 For the strange Language I have us'd,
 In which you'll think the Church abus'd.
 I here intreat each Brother Parson,
 (Tho' six to four now here is scarce one
 Minds what I say) that, notwithstanding,
 All my preceeding warm descanting,

He

He would believe the Work of Teaching,
 Devoutly praying, and beseeching,
 Is not a paultry Occupation,
 Or, as some think, quite out of Fashion.
 No, Brethren, no, mistake me not;
 Good Money by it may be got,
 If our true Interest be n't neglected,
 But Tythes be carefully collected.
 So that when I 'gainst Riches rave,
 'Tis against what I cannot have;
 Fat Abbeyes, Bishopricks, and large
 Livings, which ill become our Charge.
 Of God's own House we Stewards are,
 And for his Servants must prepare
 Good wholesome Diet, when we're sated,
 Who first must be accommodated.
 If in this Article we fail,
 We well deserve the Stocks or Jail.
 Take my Advice then, and in earnest
 Let all the Blackbirds feather their Nest.
 Open the Gospel, and there learn
 How Lab'ers are allow'd to earn
 A comfortable good Subsistence;
 But keep we always at a Distance
 From useless Claims and Titles hollow,
 From which no Good to us can follow.

For

For well may Infidels deride us,
 When they observe how much we pride us
 In fruitless Pow'rs, which all together
 Will not maintain us in Shoe Leather.
useless 'Tis this unprofitable Ambition,
 This idle, unless Imposition,
 That sets the Deists thus to work,
 Who scourge us worse, than wou'd the Turk
 If quickly we don't change our Note,
 I fear we shan't be worth a Groat.
 Let us be wise, and preach and pray,
 Nor of Church Power one Word say;
 Then shall unenvied ev'ry Vicar
 Eat Beef and Pudding, drink good Liquor
 His Patron cordially caress him,
 And God with Fat of Land shall bless him

F I N I S.

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The Third EDITION of

Parson B E T T Y's Sermon
 VERSIFIED.

By JACOB GINGLE, Esq;

Many of my Daughters have done gloriously, but
 BETTY excelleth them ALL.

MOTHER OXFORD

[Price Six Pence.]